

Not in the Biographia
112
THE

SACRED DRAMA
OF
J O S E P H

SOLD BY HIS BRETHREN.

IN THREE PARTS.

And other P O E M S.

BY H. ^KJESTON, M. A.

MASTER OF THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, AT HENLEY

UPON-THAMES:

AND LATE MASTER OF ODIHAM SCHOOL, HANTS.

— Tanta est discordia Fratrum. Ovid.

R E A D I N G :

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MDCCLXXXIX

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SACRED DRAMA

J O S E P H

SOLO BY THE ARTIST



AND CANT. P O E M S

BY H. J. ESTON, M.A.

MASTER OF THE ROYAL GRAMMAR SCHOOL, AT HENLEY

AND MASTER OF THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, HART

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1884

To those Young Gentlemen educated under
MR. JESTON.

YOUNG GENTLEMEN,

WHEN I reflect on the occasion that first induced me to undertake this little performance, that it was solely with an eye to the amusement, at least, if not improvement of my own pupils, I know not to whom I can so properly dedicate the same as to yourselves.—“*Parvum parva decent* :”—And it is manifest that relaxations of this nature are not without their advantages. At the same time they serve to unbend the mind from the more irksome toil attendant on a classical education, it is well known they no less contribute towards acquiring a propriety of action, emphasis, and expression—and how essentially requisite these are in forming the orator, whether he be to appear in the senate, at the bar, or in the pulpit, it is needless to point out. These
are

are advantages so generally admitted as the consequences of such amusements, that indulged in their widest latitude they seldom fail to attain. But at an age when every avenue to vice and immorality are like the broad but unbeaten paths, which once imprinted with vestiges, must long retain the impressions,—for

*Quo semel est imbuta recens, servabit odorem
Testa diu. Hor.*

And considering that at your tender years, from a present incapacity to reflect and reason upon the future tendencies of juvenile acquisitions, together with that innate depravity “which flesh is heir to.” Considering, I say, that at this early period the mind is more prone to imitate and pursue amusements irrepugnant to its original impulse, than it is to be actuated by a love of fame and virtue, in the attainment of which, many and great difficulties occur, which are perpetually thwarting, and controuling, as inconsistent, the corrupt impulses and inert indolence of nature; the utmost caution is requisite to direct the young mind to such a judicious selection of books as may promote its temporal without endangering its future welfare. These are truths already observed by
classic

classic writers themselves, and which some of you are not unacquainted with. You read in Virgil (though spoken on Æneas' descent into hell, yet not inapplicable on the present occasion :

——— *Facilis descensus averni,*

And again in another Poet,

Discit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud,

Quod quis deridet, quam quot probat et veneratur. Hor.

From these circumstances the greatest care should be taken that those subjects which are selected for the amusement of your vacant hours, are such as may promote both your present and future happiness. Not that all authors submitted to your perusal are absolutely required to be of a serious and religious tendency. This would be the extreme of enthusiasm and superstition. On the contrary, there are a variety of entertaining and instructive publications, written with a particular regard to that age, at which discipline and literary pursuits are mostly insisted upon. And I know of none which so forcibly recommend themselves to young minds, or sooner attract their attention, and which they better remember or understand, than plain and concise narrations of facts, or a wonder-

wonderful display of occurrences, which tho' perhaps exceeding probability, yet tend to confirm by some useful moral, the superior advantages of virtue and integrity, contrasted with those of vice and immorality. Such are the beauties of History, Travels,* Voyages, Telemachus, Tales of the Genii, Arabian Night's Entertainment, short and pathetic speeches from our best dramattick writers, &c. &c. These will prepare the mind for the perusal of larger and more copious tracts—the Histories of Greece and Rome, together with that of our own country, the heads of which being collected from former abridgments of the same subjects, will on a future and more extensive perusal, render it an interesting and pleasing task, furnishing the mind with a variety of useful knowledge, the distinguishing characteristic of a wise and great man.

Amidst a variety of other matter, there is one kind ought not to be neglected, and such are the Spectator, Guardian, Rambler, &c. compositions allowed by some of the ablest critics, as the standard of the English language. But

as

* Here it is necessary the student should have some little knowledge of Geography.

as Essays are a species of composition frequently abounding in metaphysical and philosophical reasoning, it were better to defer such sort of reading till the judgment is somewhat more matured by age and scholastic erudition. Not but that such exertions of thought and reason will at times greatly contribute to accelerate the judgment and understanding ; and in order to do this, let frequency and attention illustrate your perusal.

But above all would I recommend as the employment of your more serious hours, the reading of the Holy Scriptures. First of all to lay hold of the words of eternal life, for they only are able to make you wise unto salvation, and undoubtedly have, as Mr. Locke emphatically observes, God for their author, salvation for their end, and truth, without any mixture of error, for their matter. With regard to the New Testament, a better comment never dropt from the lips of man. More persuasive arguments it is impossible to produce ; their truth alone is a sufficient recommendation to your perusal and approbation ; but their end must ever excite your gratitude and admiration. In the Old Testament are many wonderful and surprizing occurrences
related

related, with so peculiar a mixture of the simple and sublime, that one knows not whether of the two is the more engaging. A style apparently so familiar as to require no difficulty to copy after, and yet upon trial so superior to every human composition, that no one who ever made the attempt, but must readily acknowledge. The account of the Creation—the Fall of Man—God's Promises of Restoration—the destruction of Mankind by the Deluge—the singular and providential Preservation of Noah and his Family in the Ark—the Deliverance of the Children of Israel out of Ægypt—with the general History of that nation, and God's especial love for, and protection over them, are all subjects of so important a nature, as must attract the attention and observation of all the pious to the end of the world. The Prophecies relating to Christ are so obvious and glaring, that a man must have a heart harder than the nether mill-stone not to believe that the Messiah is come. What sublime descriptions are every where to be met with of the Deity, his wisdom, power, and goodness, and all exerted with a particular respect to the good of his creatures. A consideration that ought ever to incite your praise and thank-

thanksgiving. The book of Job will perhaps be best learnt from experience. A few years may possibly convince you that such a character is neither impossible nor improbable ; and such a reflection properly cultivated seems the likeliest and strongest argument to urge you to the attainment of that Christian fortitude which no affliction can subdue ; possessed of which we may say in the triumphant language of the poet,

Post tot quoque funera vinco. Ovid.

The character before us, though at one time the most abject and wretched of the sons of men, did, during the whole of this scene of sorrow and adversity, never once shrink from his integrity ; and the consequence was that after foiling all the ensnaring arts and delusions of the tempter, he rose to a pitch of greatness and affluence far exceeding all his former days. Like some of those stars whose setting lustre far transcends their meridian brightness. Again, the writings of Solomon are more particularly adapted for that age whose youth and inexperience stand in need of every incitement to virtue, and every dissuasive from vice. It is by a careful and attentive reading of the Book

of Proverbs, that you will gain a knowledge of the world, free from all the pain and vexation of experience; and the world itself will in its turn, to a curious and judicious observer, afford ample lessons of instruction and reproof. It is a comment on the writings of the last mentioned author, illustrating every text by the very facts alluded to by their royal penman.

The dramatic performances of Moore and Gesner, two celebrated female writers, not to mention those of Milton, Beza, and others, are, I trust, a sufficient proof that the Holy Bible is not that dry and unanimating kind of reading, it is generally represented by the thoughtless and the gay, who, as they have but little time, so have they less inclination to indulge in; but, on the contrary opens to our view a variety of matter for the exercise of taste and genius.

I feel, and confess the superiority of the above ingenious authors, and the only apology I have to offer in behalf of the little Piece now submitted to the publick, is in some measure the peculiarity of the story itself; a story in which every parent and every child must feel themselves more immediately interested: and if it
shall

shall appear that I have in the least promoted fraternal love, or guarded against the extreme of paternal affection on the one hand, and filial ingratitude on the other, in any of the future stages of your lives, I shall deem myself amply rewarded for all the little trouble I have taken.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your sincere well wisher,

And loving Preceptor,

H. JESTON.

I shall appear that I have in the last
financial year, or year, or year, or year,
of present position on the one hand, and that
ingratitude on the other, in any of the future
stages of your lives, I shall be in a position to
be rewarded for all the trouble I have
taken.

I am, Gentlemen,

Your sincere well wisher,

DECEMBER 8 1859

H. JESTON

P R O L O G U E,

By a Member of the University of Oxford,

Spoken by Master J. MAPLETON.

NO wild romance in softly-flowing strain,
Of gentle maiden, or a love-sick swain ;
No horrid battles in the bloody field,
Where human victims to ambition yield ;
No modern story to your ears we bring,
But ancient truth, from Scripture's sacred spring,
How cruel brothers in a wicked cause
Made bold infringement on fraternal laws ;
How cursed envy with severe controul,
Debas'd the feelings of the manly soul ;
Made dearest relatives all ties disjoin,
And sell a brother's love for paltry coin ;
Made heav'n-born truth her stubborn claim forego,
And whelm'd a father in a sea of woe.—
Thus will our sacred drama strive to prove
The great importance of fraternal love.—
Yet e'er I go, I would engage applause,
And win the Ladies to espouse our cause :
When ye approve, what courage swells the heart !
How bold each little hero plays his part !
Then be ye kind, with smiles acquit our men,
Let candour praise, where judgment would condemn.

S. C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

<p>The PATRIARCH JACOB,</p> <p>JUDAH,</p> <p>REUBEN,</p> <p>DAN,</p> <p>NEPHTHALI,</p> <p>GAD,</p> <p>ASHER,</p> <p>JOSEPH,</p> <p>ELI, Servant to Jacob,</p> <p>Peasant,</p>	<p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p> <p style="font-size: 3em;">}</p>	<p>Master EARLE.</p> <p>Master VANSITTART.</p> <p>Master MAPLETON.</p> <p>Master J. MAPLETON,</p> <p>Master PINNOCK.</p> <p>Master PLAYSTED.</p> <p>Master WATKINS.</p> <p>Master REEVES.</p> <p>Master B. EARLE.</p>
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Sons to Jacob,

With Mutes, &c.

Subject taken from the 37th Chapter of Genesis.

*The Scenes before Jacob's House,—the Vallies of
Sechem and Dothan.*

✚ The above Drama was performed by Mr. Jeston's
Pupils on Tuesday December 16th, 1788.

T H E

S T O R Y O F J O S E P H ,

B Y W A Y O F

S A C R E D D R A M A .

JOSEPH alone,

Scene without Jacob's House, at Hebron.

ALAS! what means this hatred of my brothers?
 Why am I spurn'd their converse, and forbid
 To join their pastimes, or their labours share?
 Ungenerous meed! that pierces to the heart:
 Methinks it cruel—these my tender years
 (Sad thought!) the bliss of brothers to forego.
 Are we not all the sons of Jacob—twelve!
 And is not still our father living with us?

What

What then am I? or whence the secret cause
 Of all their cruel taunting and ill nature?
 Speak, little coat, thou party-colour'd pledge
 Of love paternal.—Say—canst thou excite
 Their envy? or ye dreams of youthful fancy
 (Which as our flocks we tended, each to other
 The loitering hours beguiling, cited o'er)
 Declare—for ye are uppermost in their minds,
 Is there divinity in what they say?
 Shall I indeed reign over them? Vain thought!
 But ah! my father too, no sooner heard
 The puerile dream of all their prostrate sheaves,
 The sun, the moon and planets in their turn
 Bowing before me—than his troubled soul,
 For well (engag'd in the same task) I ween
 Enrag'd did say rebuking—shall indeed
 Thy father—mother and thy brethren then
 Come to bow down before thee to the earth?
 —Painful pre-eminence—let me not name thee—
 Utter'd in warmth of passion by a father,
 Whose fond indulgence listen'd to my tale;
 —*But see he comes*—his ev'ry step bespeaks
 Affection and concern—I'll here attend
 His words with all the duty of a son.

Enter

Enter J A C O B.

Son of mine age, distinguish'd by my love,
Not more than for obedience to my will.
Such change has years in these limbs produc'd
Since th' hour I parted with thy tuncle Esau,
In my way from Padanaram unto Shalem,
When wrestling with an angel I prevail'd;
I now must on thy filial service trespass;—
Thy brothers now have sojourn'd many days,
Observant of their feeding flocks at Sechem.
Go—I pray thee—seek them out and bring
Me tidings of their welfare, and the flocks,
For much my soul wou'd know of their estate:—

J O S E P H.

My much revered father—here I stand
Prompt to perform the dictates of thy will,
For soon these youthful legs their utmost wail
Explor'd—shall bring me back to thee again.—
Thy blessing—holy Sire—and I am gone.

J A C O B.

Take it my son—and Israel's God protect thee.—

C

JOSEPH

JOSEPH.

Farewell.—

J A C O B.

— So light he trips it o'er the plain,
 It calls to mind the blissful hours that pass'd
 When in the pride of life, as I beheld
 His mother Rachel---bounding like the roe---
 I roll'd away from the well's mouth the stone
 At Haran—to draw out the cooling draught
 For Laban's thirsty flock---the blushing maid
 The deed confessing as I press'd her lips.---
 O Rachel---Rachel---how much is he like thee!
 Those fair proportion'd limbs-- that ruddy face,
 Thy fairer form denote---such, lovely youth,
 Art thou---I know not why---I love thee more
 Than all thy brethren else---so dutiful,
 So studious of mine ease--that not the bow
 Of Esau---us'd in hunting when I stole
 Away his birth-right---or the pliant twig
 More easy bend---than thou obey'st my will,
 Sweet pledge of love and duty!---who'd not be
 A father to approve of such a son?
 How I regret his absence-- Gracious heaven!

Quick

Quick speed his way again to these embraces.
I must within the intermediate time
Beguile---devoted to domestic cares.

Exit.

SCENE, Valley of Shechem.

JOSEPH alone.

Was not the sun just risen in the vale
Of Hebron, as I parted with my father!
And see his setting rays are purpling o'er
The western sky---whilst here alone I wander,
Weary and faint---not knowing where to go.—
Surely this is Shechem---these the fields
My brother's wont abode—and here the spot
Where oft collected in a ring they told
The bleating flock, and humm'd the busy tale.—
Alas! where are they now? No flocks I see—
No Reuben to be found.—But who comes yonder?

Sees a person at a distance.

Some neighb'ring hind he seems---I'll make unto
him.

Haply he can inform me of their way.—

They meet.

Say stranger---if in wandering o'er the field
Thou ought hast seen or heard of shepherds here.

PEASANT.

Tell me, fair youth, I pray whom seekest thou?

JOSEPH.

My brethren, good friend, the sons of Israel,

PEASANT.

This day (I heard them say it) are they gone
Leading their flocks to Dothan, where I trust
They may be found.—

JOSEPH.

I thank thee, kind informer,
God of my father speed our separate ways.
Good eve. I hasten to them.

Exit.

SCENE changes to without Jacob's house,

JACOB alone.

Lo! the sun

Declining—Hebron's flowery vale resigns
Awhile to milder eve and fable night.
How hush'd each troubling sound—save from
yon thorn,

Her

Her evening hymn the blackbird lengthens out
 In varied note melodious, clear and loud ;
 Or where from distant fields the lowing herds,
 Or folded bleating flock, the grateful sound
 Resume—obedient to their Maker's will.—
 Soon shall the world be wrapp'd in darkest night,
 When fearful beasts---the forest's deep recess
 Forfaking---rove, the fold's tremendous pest,
 Till with the day---the hostile day retiring,
 Their dark abodes---reluctantly revisit.—
 I would my son were here--for much I rue
 On his account.—Alas ! what strange delay
 ● Joseph's this ?---Why loiter so those feet
 In coming ?---Ill thy words and pace agree.—
 How oft, alas ! on the same errand sent,
 Thy quick return prevented every wish.—
 Now where the rising hill the prospect holds,
 Of Sechem's fertile field, in vain I guide
 My wandering eyes.---No Joseph's to be seen.—
 A thousand busy thoughts my mind employ ;
 Some that console, but more with sorrow fraught.—
 My sons have, peradventure, mov'd their flocks,
 And so their brother missing them, till late,
 Too late to tread the lengthen'd path alone,
 Detain'd,

Detain'd, methinks, the night amongst his brothers,

Awaits the safer morn ;---or in their lov'd
Embraces lingering, shall anon return,
Attended by them.---So these eyes again,
Or e'er with balmy sleep this eve they close,
Bless'd with the sight of Jacob's sons, shall gleam
With radiant joy.---But should the helpless youth
Alone, (obsequious) in the dead of night,
As hastening home, impell'd by hunger meet
Some rueful beast.---Oh ! gracious heaven avert
Th' alternate bodings of my mind, and shield
Old Jacob's son. —————

Enter ELI, a Servant.

My lord, I come
To bid you welcome to your evening past,

J A C O B.

Repast indeed ! were but my younger son,
The object of my thoughts, but here to share.—
Go trusty Eli, range with winged foot
The vally's skirts, and see if thou canst meet
My son returning, whilst this staff supports
My feeble steps within. —————

ELI.

E L I.

'Tis done, my lord,
As thou hast said, and e'er you half have sup'd,
Success I trow attends. —

J A C O B.

Keeper of Israel!
Whose watchful eyes nor sleep nor slumber know,
To thee I do commend the souls of all
That house beneath my roof—but *chief* of all
With pastoral care my younger son this night
Implore I thee to watch.—O grant the arm
That led thy chosen thro' a delug'd world,
The grave of sinful man, may thro' the night,
The dangerous night—his great protector be,
And safe from ill conduct him to these arms.—
Father of heaven and earth! whose bounty fills
The cup I go to taste---O hear my prayer

Exit.

End of Part I.

SCENE changes to Dothan.

The Sons of Jacob tending their Flocks.

JUDAH.

Comes not the eventide---the hour of bread?
 Let's to our folds our full fed flocks convene,
 And tell their numbers o'er---that done, my brothers,
 We will to our repast, and each to other
 Of Jacob's God recount the wond'rous deeds,
 And eke fair health unto our father wish.—
 Reuben, why fix'd another way?---What see'st?

REUBEN.

It is our brother, and if his mind agree
 But with his speed, some urgent news he bears.
 I'll go bid him welcome.---Ask if well
 It fares at home, and whence the speed he makes.
 Dan, Naphtali, Gad, Asher---All along!

DAN.

Go bid that dreamer welcome! No---not I!

NAPHTALI.

Nor I!

GAD.

[25]

G A D.

Nor I!

A S H E R.

Nor I!

D A N.

Well said !

And now we're in the mood dispatch him quite---
No happier moment can our purpose suit
Than is the present---for our father eke
This tale will serve---that home returning late,
He fell the victim of some evil beast.

N A P H T A L I.

Most opportunely said---the hour---the place,
All---all conspire to drive this dreamer hence.

D A N.

But see he is at hand, and that same coat
Of many colours hides his slender waist.
The coat, I say, a father's partial love
Bestow'd upon him, clad in which he seems,
O envy'd thought ! above his brothers still---
Have we not ey'd with what credulity
Our father listen'd to his fancy'd dreams,

D

And

And how his feign'd obsequiousness deprives
 (A father's case) his brothers of their right !
 Why then delay, when in our power to strike
 The blow, that once more sets us on a level ?
 These hands shall erst from off his shoulders tear
 That envy'd coat——the rest---beware and join---
 But hush, no more---now shew yourselves like men,
 And to our purpose. ——

A L L.

Ready e'en to death ;
 Then see what will become of all his dreams
 Of future greatness---fancy's weakest thought.

R E U B E N.

See where he comes, exulting in his pace,
 His arms half rais'd in readiness to court
 Each brotherly embrace.—So have I seen
 Some guileless lamb with sportive triumph meet
 Th' murderer's hand, and lick the fatal blade.—
 So innocent he seems—so unsuspecting,
 Nay so rejoic'd to face his direst foes,
 That ev'ry step in speed outvies the former.—
 Oh 'twere a barbarous deed to slay our brother !
 Let us not kill him.

DAN.

[27.]

D A N.

Lo ! the dreamer's here.

Enter JOSEPH.

All hail, my brothers ! O how fares it with you ?
What means this sudden shifting of your tents ?
I e'en but now in fruitless search had rov'd
The musing hour, till yonder distant field
Some kind instructing stranger to my eyes,
Convey'd and hither taught my wand'ring steps.—
To all his children, peace our father sends.

REUBEN.

Choice blessing ! would it were thy lot, my brother.

Aside.

D A N.

Not so to thee, proud dreamer, with the sons
Of Jacob !

JOSEPH.

Oh ! what strange reception's this !
What—art thou not my brother ? Let these arms
Enfold thee then, and in return receive
A brother's kind embrace.——

Offering to embrace them severally.

To NAPHTALI.

Nor thou !

To

To G A D.

Nor thou!

To ASHER.

Nor thou! By all repuls'd—O Reuben!—Judah!
 Where is the fondness of our former years?
 You were wont my tender age to eye
 With pitiful concern, and in your arms
 As handed to and fro, my infant tongue
 This lesson leant—when danger is at hand
 To call on you for help—deny not then
 When most I need protection and defence;
 Still let me twine around you as before,
 And call you still the guardians of my youth.—
 O open then those arms for my reception,
 That I again to Israel may return
 In peace, and say that all his sons are well.—
 What, still repuls'd!—O bitterest hour of fate,
 That it should come to this.—Oh heav'n and earth!
 I wou'd this tender frame had ne'er beheld
 This fatal day—or seen but this alone.—
 I thought to have found you lambs—but 'stead of
 these
 I meet with naught but wolves.

DAN.

D A N.

And wolves we are,
Down—down, proud youth—no more usurp a
name

'Bove ev'ry name.—Where now thy boasted
dreams ?

No more shall dread of sov'reignty perplex
Our heated minds—but here extended lay,
Of actual wolves the food.

Seizes him.

JOSEPH.

Jehovah ! Lord !
Protection—Help—'tis Jacob's son implores ;
Reuben ! Judah ! where ?

REUBEN.

United force
Of Bilhah and of Zilpah, cease—let go
Your grasp, I pray you lay aside your rage,
And raise our brother.—Suffer not his blood
To cry to heaven for vengeance—but remit
The punishment.—O think upon the deed !
Nor shed a brother's blood, lest what befell
The murderer Cain, thro' the wide world pursue
Ourselves, and bruit the deed to all mankind,

Stamp

Stamp't with the mark indelible. No time
 Can change Almighty hatred. O my brothers,
 Have mercy then—reverse the dire decree,
 And let resentment seek some milder doom.
 Here in this wild, concealed from every eye,
 (Save thine Omniscient Being) lies a pit
 With thorns imperious, hedg'd on all sides round ;
 The youth, a naked victim cast therein.
 If so your bent—must soon (Oh dire disease)
 A prey to famine fall—and thus the guilt
 Incurr'd by shedding of a brother's blood,
 May not alight upon us to our ruin.

Aside.

O gracious God ! 'neath thy Almighty wings,
 Protect the lad, and set the captive free.

D A N.

What—dost relent ? I thought e'en all agreed,
 Hand join'd in hand his arrogance to curb.—
 What serve our brother ! Menials to this stripling !
 Base thought—I'll live and rule—then take—

Offers to strike him.

J U D A H.

No haste
 My brother—let no blood be spilt—but leave
 To fate the lad, and Reuben's council take—
 'Twere best, do so for pity's sake, my brother—

DAN.

D A N.

And Judah too ! away e'en then, or e'er
Thy wom'nish heart upbraid thee as a coward.

JOSEPH.

O list my brothers—let affection plead
A brother's cause.---In mercy hear me speak !---
I came ———

D A N.

Vain babler, never to return,---
Have done, I say, and leave us to our purpose.
Here Naphtali---Gad---Asher---bear him hence,
Or e'er such whining cant your pity move,
To let this tell-tale free.

A L L.

Unmov'd as rocks

We here attend.

D A N.

Let some his legs support,
And some his arms.---Now to our burden lads.---

They carry him off.

REUBEN

REUBEN alone.

They're gone---and I too, must along---nor seem
 Dissenting to their purpose—Aid me heav'n
 With ablest counsel to divine a way
 To save the child, and these his merciless brothers,
 Flush'd with intended vengeance to outstrip.
 As some poor bird, when wayward boys are nigh,
 From spray to spray hops flutt'ring round her nest,
 Or strives in airy circuits to decoy
 The lurching danger from her unfledg'd young.
 So shall a brother's care this night supply
 A mother's loss—tho' wolves and vultures yell
 Around my ears, with unremitted step,
 Silent as eve, in constant round I'll march
 The gloomy pit—the dungeon of my brother,
 And soon as the twilight shows the gladsome path,
 I'll draw thee hence, or perish in the deed.—
 Sleep—sleep, my brothers, after this day's toil
 With more than usual soundness.—Grant there be
 The same insensibility to all
 Suspicion after ; as to pity now,
 Then shall I escape their censure—and secure
 The joy—the peace of all.—But most of all
 O Israel thine.—But see they're partly there,

And

And I must after, lest this absence cause
Ill tim'd conjecture—so my present scheme
Abortive prove, and on that harmless head
Hurl desperate ruin.—

Exit.

SCENE, the Sons of Jacob returning from the Pit.

D A N.

No—serve my brother !
The elder serve the younger !—Death 'tis pain
E'en to imagination.—Ruin on it,—
I'd rather live a vagabond on earth,
The scoff and ridicule of man—than bear
A brother's servile yoke.—'Tis done like men,
And e'er the sun has many courses fill'd,
He is no more.—Now to our evening fare,
'Gainst which the present business, much I ween,
Keens each man's appetite, and to our board
Bids fairer welcome.—Discontent no more
Shall sour the bread we eat, and cancr'ous hatred
No longer brooding in our minds, shall hatch
That peace destroyer, jealousy—hereafter
In equal love united, will we share
Or joy or woe, and each with other side.

E

REUBEN

REUBEN.

Do you, my brothers, to your past repair,
I'll to our flock, but see that all is well,
And back again.—

D A N.

Make no delay to join
And bid success to this propitious day.—

REUBEN.

No sooner gone than back—(the flocks survey'd
I'll to the pit—and e'er, poor soul, his heart
With sorrow burst, give notice of his rescue.) *Aside.*
Exit.

D A N.

Go—go—we'll to yon rise—the country's spy—
And pitch our evening tents.—

Exeunt.

SCENE, the Sons of Israel sat down to eat.

D A N.

Methinks, my brothers, this day's fate ordain'd
So opportunely chanc'd, that angels seem
Invisible, inspecting from above

In

In nods of approbation, to have bow'd
 Their divining heads, and wav'd their golden locks.
 All join and bid success unto the same.

*Dan offering to drink, sees Travellers
 at a distance.*

A L L.

Success to this day's fate.—

D A N.

Say who comes yonder ?

J U D A H.

Way trading men they seem—for so bespeak
 Their asses and their camels.—

D A N.

Even so.

J U D A H.

A thought occurs wou'd move the last remains
 Of guilt—and add unto our common stock
 Some twenty pieces more (for, oh ! my brothers)
 This restless something in my breast proclaims
 Much after-fear at home—'twere better much
 Some merchant buy the lad, that hence convey'd

To some more distant clime—our minds no more
Rememb'rance haunts—for say what profit is it
To slay our brother and conceal his blood?
Let's sell him then—nor lay our hands upon him,
For “is he not our brother and our flesh!”

D A N.

'Tis happily conceiv'd—and these consenting,
At once agreed,—

A L L.

It meets our approbation,

D A N.

Then Judah hear—go, do the best thou canst,
And e'er they pass, make firm the compact.

J U D A H.

Exit

Some two or three and help the lad along,
The pit is deep, nor can I well alone
Draw him out hence.

A L L.

Here, here—away.

Exit Judah and two others.

D A N.

Enough—

The rest attend our pleasure, and consult,
The happiest mode to palliate it to our father,

G A D.

Already hit on—but the business o'er
I'll to the fold—some useless kid select)
And as the victim bleeds will with the same
Besmear this mottl'd garb.—

A S H E R.

Then hie us home,
And to our father this sad tale relate :
That in the foot-way path our eyes it met,
Bloody and torn—And ask if it be Joseph's.

D A N.

T'will give an air of truth unto our tale,
And coloured pretence for what I said,
“ Some evil beast destroy'd him.—

[To Judah entering] Ah!—return'd,
Say, Judah, why so soon?—hast been refus'd?
Their hands so full!

JUDAH.

JUDAH.

Quite the reverse my brother,

For as they ey'd the lad a something spoke
 In his behalf—and e'er I nam'd my price,
 An Ishmalite with balm and spices, bound
 To Ægypt—bad me at a word the sum—
 Adding, so ruddy and so fair a youth,
 Is docile too I bode.---But oh! his looks
 When heard his doom---such silent woe express'd,
 That I did pity him from my heart, and feign
 Had him redeem'd---but ah! the generous man
 So priz'd the lad, as it had been his own,
 And as we parted, I could hear him say,
 He should be his, 'till better fortune offer'd.—
 Wou'd you had seen him when I took my leave,
 In fainting throbs---unutterable grief!
 Affail'd to take me by the hand, and bid
 A long farewell—the thrilling accents jarr'd
 His tender frame—and from the trembling lips
 In broken fragments fell--the faltering tongue
 No longer able to sustain her office,
 Here broke the mournful cadence,—Oh my bro-
 thers,
 Wou'd not a fight like this have mov'd your pity,
 And check'd resentment in its bold career?

DAN.

D A N.

'Tis truly piteous—e'en this harden'd breast
Would feel remorse.---But see, the loiterers come,
With each it seems a moiety of the price.---
In tears men! what womanish freak is this?

Enter two Brothers, each bearing a Purse.

First Brother.

Alas! our brother, such another fight
I could not see and live.---

D A N.

No more---I say--

Mere babish weakness---once already told---
(They seem so sad I cou'd in pity join [*Aside.*
My tears to theirs---were it not to make
Meer dastards of us all.)---See Reuben comes
Full speed to greet us---bid him welcome brothers.

J U D A H.

His looks alas, betray us.—Do *you* speak.

To Dan.

D A N.

Reuben, what news? thou look'st affrighted
man,
As if some evil had befell our flocks.—

REUBEN

REUBEN *enters.*

Such were but blifs, compar'd to what has
happen'd :

The woes I bear—I know not to relate.—
Mifchief, alas ! with quicken'd pace outstrips
My utmost power to fave---the mind constrain'd,
Tho' fraught with healing in her wings, to lag
An ufelefs page behind—the pennant will
Arrives too late to fave---and, bittereft thought !
No more muft fee the object of her love.—
Alas ! my brothers ! the child is not---and I---
Ah---whither fhall I go.——

D A N.

Still on the boy
Doating ? Stale thought---fie on it.---Reft content,
The lad is fafe---yet ferves our purpofe ftill---
But how, and where---at more convenient hour
Of Judah learn---at prefent we are bent
His fate disguis'd beneath the fictitious name
Of fel-mifchance, to bear unto our father
The well diflembld tale---which to believe
We'll outward play the hypocrite fo fairly,
And join with fuch dexterity to his

Our

Our counterfeited tears---that they shall seem
In deed---a very rival.---Get thee then
With speed to thy recruit---and let thy heart
With joy beat time to ours.---Go ye with me,
The stripling's coat our freight---and do thereto
As we have said.---This bloody business o'er,
Our flocks to some two hirelings consign'd,
We'll back again ---See then (no time be lost)

To Reuben and Judah.

Ye both are ready, soon as we return,
To join us home.---Gad---no delay.---

G A D.

At hand

After, the coat.

A S H E R.

'Tis here.

G A D.

Now lead on.

Exeunt.

REUBEN and JUDAH alone.

J U D A H.

Look not so sad, my brother.---Past fatigue
Must needs some after nourishment require.
Go then, and e'er our brothers speed remind us,
Improve the time as most to life conduces.---

F

REUBEN.

REUBEN.

Talk not of life my brother—tell me
 Where they've hid the lad—for what of life remains
 To Reuben, surely is wrapp'd up in Joseph---
 Tidings of him is all the food I crave.—

JUDAH.

On me alight a father's bitterest curse,
 If e'er my head---this heart approving, join'd
 Ought evil to the lad, consulting---No!
 I'd rather see him drawn with chains of gold,
 The world's great master, proudly lord it o'er me,
 Than e'er a deed so horrible dishonour
 Our father's house.---'Tis true, alas! these hands
 Convey'd him hence---reluctantly convey'd---
 And executed---Judah gazing on,
 What Judah's self devis'd.—But hear, my brother,
 Th' acquitting cause---the good intended by it---
 Know, in thy absence, I did much regret
 Our brothers rude entreaty of the boy;
 Much did my soul th' unfathom'd pit abhor--
 But dreading more our brothers lawless frenzy,
 Some merchants passing---I propos'd the lad
 Being sold—the purchase to our common stock
 Should

Should be transferr'd—if good it seem'd to be ;
 Their frozen hearts the chearful goblet thaw'd,
 And fleeting sensibility cry'd done.—

Pardon—my brother—if I've done amiss,
 For to our united comfort, be it said,
 He has a gentle master.

REUBEN.

O my father !

What iron lungs shall ope the hellish plot ?
 Lives there a wretch of heart so obdurate
 To tell the news, and yet lack pity.—Heaven !
 O earth—earth—'twill shake his tottering age
 More sensibly than nature ever felt
 Convulsive pang.—Why man he'd twine around
 him,

As he had been unto him as the staff—
 On which he leans, and Israel had no more,
 No other child but Joseph.—Will not then
 His anguish'd soul require him at our hands !
 Judah—I tell thee we're undone—for know
 I'd rather left a solitary wretch,
 Fencelss and weak, some disappointed lionsess, }
 Depriv'd of both her whelps---meet on the way,
 Than after this our father dare to face.—

I tell thee man, each tear our father's cheeks
 Dishonours---gives to Reuben deeper wounds
 Than lions---wolves or tigers can inflict :
 Fools that we were to yield to these our youngers,
 And listless to our suppliant brothers cries.
 To gaze---like lookers on---the deed approving !
 That hour---Judah---mark'd us both for cowards,
 Why---heavens---the very lambkins in our folds
 In piteous bleat around their dams cry'd shame
 Upon a deed so foul.---We stood I say
 Like speechless idols---each on other gazing,
 Yet both suspecting either---as from spies
 Conceal'd our inmost thoughts ---In such an hour,
 The harsher dictates of their elders join'd,
 Had more than match'd our brothers---and (O
 deed !

Devoutly to be wish'd) had still the boy
 Reserv'd for better days.—But haply now
 The menial, Judah, of some proud man's table;
 His noble birth but dignifies the slave.
 Snatch'd far away, the unoffending youth
 His father's breast with sorrows more transfixes,
 Than all his sons shall comfort e'er enough
 Find in th' wide world to heal.

JUDAH.

JUDAH.

Let's not despair—

Thou know'st the stream supply'd by num'rous
rills,

Scarce in its fullness, lacks apparent wane
By loss of one.---Why may not then our father
(For has he not still many sons remaining,
Shall serve as props this ancient pile to bear)
In after times, 'midst their united duty,
Forbear to say he had a child nam'd Joseph.---

REUBEN.

Ah ! there's the mischief, Judah---for the lad
Form'd that self stream.---The rest on's but as rills,
Increasing each its magnitude---yet so
That he did seem a sea compar'd to either.---
So vast his father's love---that one of us
Had fell with scarce a single groan to pity.---
That sea---alas ! is now dry'd up, and 'come
A desolate waste, without a chearing beam
To light the horrid gloom---whilst we remain
Like petty icicles trickling under ground,
No longer able to unite our drops,
Or form the humblest current.

JUDAH.

JUDAH.

Yet our hearts

Bespeak us clear, for, by my soul, I swear
He has my love.—

REUBEN.

And mine too, Judah---true---

But 'tis a ruinous love.---Once told that roots
Out all memorial of past duty---man.---

JUDAH.

No more, my brother, kindle grief afresh.---
The right hand hides not what the left has done ;
But past transgression is repair'd by prayer,
Then join in pious wishes for the boy.—
Unheard of blessings crown his future days,
And may he live in realized greatness,
The joy and wonder of the world.—

REUBEN.

Amen—

Say I.—

JUDAH.

J U D A H.

And so says Judah---Reuben---too,
And not to seem ought lacking in the vow,
Again I say Amen.——'Tis meet we now
(Or e'er their coming chide our dull delay)
Prepare ourselves to join them.——

R E U B E N.

Home, dost say?
What to our father---Judah?—Learn us first
To strip these faces of conviction man.

J U D A H.

The time admits of no persuasion---Reuben.—
In such an hour but to absent ourselves,
Were to apply unto our father's ears
A trumpet to proclaim his sons were murderers,
The murderers of their brother.——

R E U B E N.

Death! 'tis true,—
Thou reasonest well, and I'll abide thy counsel.—
Reuben—Judah—murderers! heaven, is't possible?
No—that were worse than is the present—down,
Down my heart---assume a lighter mood,

And

And learn for once to play the wanton---Reuben---
To give thy heart the lie, and frisk it home.

J U D A H.

Approv'd---and trust me, there arriv'd, my brother,
For every hypocrite there will be found,
A mourner shall so heartily console
Our father's woes, that after short repose,
He wakes to former joys---See they approach,
Now seem we busy.---

Enter D A N, &c.

D A N.

Fye, not ready men---
What tardineſs is this?---The winged eve
Upbraiding, buffets ye for loit'ers---Speed,
No delay---Down with that tent and follow.

Exeunt.

End of Part the Second.

SCENE, before Jacob's House.

J A C O B alone.

Slow lag the hours when expectation keens
Desire of absent good—good unattain'd—but
hop'd for;—

It is an int'rim where real bliss or woe
Can bear no part.---Our wishes view'd at distance
Are like to torches blazing in our hands,
Which spread around a momentary gleam,
And then are out—preparing as they rage
A night of pitchy darkness to o'erwhelm
Their holders.—Thus our very hopes disarm
Our reason—and involve us in the midst
Of our best wishes in a baleful cloud
Of deadly fears—destructive as the grave.—
(See faithful Eli comes with drooping head
And lingering step, unwilling to offend
These ears---alas! what hapless disappointment)
The time arrives to bid these foes good night.---
When wrapp'd in gentle sleep the sons of men
Their cares forego, as there had been in nature
Nor fear nor hope.---But not to me returns
The hour of rest---here destin'd to protract
The dark and pensive night in sad conjecture.---

G

Enter

Enter E L I.

Eli---how now---I 'gan to think thee long---

E L I.

O my good Lord---but give me time to breath,
An' I'll glad thy soul with news.---

J A C O B.

Thou speak'st me well.---

E L I.

From wand'ring to and fro in vain---I dar'd
T' exceed our usual meeting.---When I saw
The summits brow just verging---as 'twere men.---
Hast'ning some furlongs forward---I descry'd
They were thy sons---this done, I turn'd to flight,
Hoping to greet thee with the news, or e'er
Their sturdy strides in speed cou'd o'ertake me,
Till breathless and faint, I ken'd thee on the watch,
And slacking pace---prepar'd the joyful tale.---

J A C O B.

'Tis joy indeed---thou com'st a welcome herald---
Such news were like some hospitable light,
That guides the 'nighted traveller to rest---

Enhanc-

Enhancing estimation by its want,
And now—go—bear within the tidings—Eli—
And bid their sisters make the banquet fair—
For we'll have mirth to night with these new guests:

E L I.

Good—my lord---and see they are at hand.
The foremost of their tribe come Bilha's sons,
To greet my noble master.——

J A C O B,

Leave, us Eli,
Now to ourselves---'twere good I meet them here.

Enter DAN, GAD, ASHER, &c. &c.

J A C O B.

Welcome, my sons, you come most seasonably.—
I needed some such comforters but now,—
And these not all !——

D A N.

Quick on the way pursuing,
They press us hard, and will be here anon ;
Our stores exhausted—as in duty bound,
We come to greet our much beloved father,
And here await his blessing.——

JACOB.

J A C O B.

To these arms
My children come, and share a father's love ;
Here join the thankful hymn to God, our maker,
And praise the Lord, for these is mercies all !

D A N.

Our brothers just in time arrive to share
The holy office.—Grant some moments pause.—

R E U B E N.

From within the scenes.

See, where he stands reclining o'er his staff,
His gazing eyes half starting from their orbs,
Expectant of the boy.—So have I seen
Half bending o'er the stream, some aged willow,
Regardless of the passing wave, explore
With lowly pendant head the common flood.

J A C O B.

Alas !---his keepers come—but not the boy.—

In a low voice.

There still lacks one—my children—where is
Joseph ?

D A N.

D A N.

Within I trow, in preference esteeming
Yon hospitable roof to nightly dews.

J A C O B.

I tell thee nay---my son---but for this morn
I sent him to enquire if all was well.

D A N.

We have not seen him from the day we left
Our father's house,—— (*They look one upon another.*)

J A C O B.

O heavens! they all turn pale!
Out out—fell mystery—speak at once the cause
Of such dejection.

D A N.

Where the footway path
The thicket glooms, observing marks of blood,
We turn'd to gaze, when on the left we saw,
Trailing the ground, as torn by ruthless beast,
Some mottled garment, not unlike our brother's.

JACOB.

J A C O B.

O God ! thou strik'st a dagger in my breast,
That lets my heart blood out.—Oh !—let me see it,
That I may know if really it be Joseph's,

D A N.

It is with Asher,---

A S H E R.

Much I dread, my father,
It is our brother's coat of many colours ;—
I'd have thee gaze another way---and yet
I wou'd thou knew'st it were thy son's or no.—

Takes the coat from under his cloak.

J A C O B.

O horror ! horror ! 'tis my very son's !
Some evil beast, no doubt, has him devour'd !
O my child—Joseph is rent in pieces !
Murder ! murder !—— *Faints.*

D A N.

Lend your aid my brothers.

REUBEN

REUBEN to JUDAH.

From within the scenes.

Judah, he faints—I must away—no longer—
We'll run and beard our brothers to the hilt,
Then add the last remaining duty—comfort.

J U D A H.

Let's have no stir, but prudently conceal
What is begun, and soothe our father's woe.

Enter REUBEN and JUDAH.

To the rest.

REUBEN.

Alas, my brothers, see yon sapless trunk
Falls to the earth, o'erpower'd by its own weight
Of miscreant branches.---Wretches that we are.---

J U D A H.

No noise, my brother---'twill increase his anguish.
I'd rather see thee weep.---

REUBEN.

Wou'd that but serve
I'd weep from night to morn---from morn to eve---
Nay---eat affliction for my daily bread,
And drink up every tear to weep again ;

Such

Such were the life I'd lead---cou'd such undo
This hapless doing.---Bid that hoary breast
Resume new life---and pass our days again.—

J U D A H.

Be soft—he breathes.---Go bring a little water,
It may be 'twill revive him—till within
Our sister serve the salutary draught.

Enter one with water.

Sprinkle those temples—hold—enough—he speaks.

J A C O B.

Convey me in, my sons, and let me die.—
Affliction's iron rod hangs heavy on me,
Bowing to earth.---In vain you strive to comfort.—
I'll to the grave in mourning to my son.—
My spirits fail---convey me in I beg,
And let me die.——

J U D A H.

The mournful news rehears'd,
Haste some one in, and bid our sisters ready
Life's restorative balm, 'gainst our arrival.---

REUBEN.

REUBEN.

How sweet is consolation to the mind
 When tears of pity strike the hour of woe!—
 It has a charm that from the weeping eye
 Wipes ev'ry tear.---So ordeals serve to heal
 The wounds they make---the sickly parched meads
 With gladsome verdure pay the kindly showers---
 And sorrow in return has oft' dispens'd
 A smile of thanks, where pity dropp'd a tear.---
 Let *us* then try the spell in *very deed*,
 And add our *prayers* thereto.---

JUDAH.

He seems compos'd,
 'Tis now the fittest time to bear him in.---

REUBEN.

It is a burden that becomes us well,
 I'd not for all the flocks that graze the plain
 Forego my claim to share a load so precious.---
 Never seem'd we half so dutiful before.---
 Heaven grant our sons their fires thus enfold,
 In youth obedient, and protect when old.

End of the Drama.

RETURN

How sweet is comfort to the mind
It is the heart's own light, the heart of gold
It has a charm that nothing else can give
It is the heart's own light, the heart of gold
The wounds of grief are healed by love
And grief is healed by love
A heart of love, a heart of love
And now the heart is healed
And now the heart is healed

RETURN

He is the heart's own light
It is the heart's own light
It is the heart's own light
It is the heart's own light
It is the heart's own light
It is the heart's own light
It is the heart's own light
It is the heart's own light
It is the heart's own light
It is the heart's own light

End of the Drama.

E P I L O G U E,

By Way of Sequel to the Story.

(Spoken by Master EARLE.)

OUR Play is o'er—the afflicted Patriarch lives,
'Till chearless famine former blifs retrives;
'Till from the dungeon to the throne convey'd,
The wondering Pharaoh saw his dreams display'd:
Pleas'd in the sage, God's spirit to descry,
And ruling justice reading in his eye,
With princely honours he the youth advanc'd,
And ev'ry former by the last enhanc'd.—
Around his neck the pendent chain he wears,
And on his hand the regal ring appears.
Proud of their freight the neighing courfers rear
The glittering car and godlike charioteer:
With suppliant knee see hosts around him throng,
And to their great deliverer raise the song.—
Bless'd with his prince's favour—doubly blest
With thine (O God! who succour'ft the distress'd)
Great King of Kings, the lofty to demean.—
An abject Hebrew glads a monarch's reign:
Rescu'd from prison and from death to save,
By sapient counsel, myriads from the grave;
The saviour of his father's house, to be
Reserv'd his sire and kindred foes to see.
Behold his love—his policy---his hate---
Improving each the lustre of his state;

With

E P I L O G U E.

With conscious guilt his trembling kin survey---
Recall with horror that relentless day,
When lost to sensibility they fold
A brother's dearer name for worthless gold.---
Lay not the guilt to God's eternal cause,
He but permits infringement of his laws,
And in behalf of suffering virtue, gains
The noblest purposes from humblest means.---
Theirs was the sin---the wisdom only *His*,
And *His* the power from ill educating blifs;
From him proceeds the good that seemly wounds,
Who by the mouth of sucking babes confounds
The arrogantly wise, who dare arraign
That providence they know not to explain:
But whence the cause of this fraternal hate,
I leave experienc'd parents to relate:
Ambition join'd to partial love procur'd
Those ills the hero of our play endur'd.---

To the Audience.

Permit then him, whose constant cares engage
Our tutor'd minds to read the classic page,
In future times your generous aid t' inroll,
And hail you patrons of our rising school;
Bless'd with your smiles, propitious numbers flow,
And others come successive as we go.

P O E M S.

2

M



O

P

T H E
P R O D I G A L.

From the 15th Chapter of St. Luke.

FAR in a waste 'remote from sightly dome,
Save one straw shed, where tends his fordid kine,
Some humble menial---where none other come,
Nor fairy elfe, nor human face divine.---

Where steals the winding brook with loitering pace,
Beneath a weeping willow's scanty shade,
(For other shades none here the margin grace)
Far from his native land a spendthrift stray'd.

By hunger's sad alternative impell'd,
The servile charge of feeding swine to tend :
How chang'd, alas ! from those gay scenes beheld,
When all his labour was the way to spend.

As

As here reclining on a lap of earth
 His weary limbs, in penfive mood he lay ;
 That seem'd to rue the moment of his birth --
 The moment first from home he 'gan to stray.
 Thread bare and rent the few remains he wore ;
 His hair as Absalom's (rebellious child)
 Adown his shoulders ghastly pendant o'er
 His pliant waift, improve the native wild.

His looks distracted, reeking with despair,
 Awhile himself—awhile the purling rill
 Alternately furveys, nor feels a fear
 Beyond himself—the fear of conscious ill.—

E'er long his fatchel lends its simple fare,
 (Some friendly threshold's husky refuse vile)
 Th' unleavened dough of penitence and prayer,
 Whereof he made his undigested meal.—

Rude, dreary scene, devoid of every chear ;
 No hospitable, homely dwelling nigh ;
 Save from the stream, the only welcome here,
 The flowing waters costly wine supply.—

Then

Then fixt in fullen mood, and deep research,
 Revolving or to perish, or return;
 At length some gentle spirits melting touch,
 To tears repentant adds the plaintive mourn.

“ O had I farther never learnt to stray,
 “ Than where a father’s hands the plough direct;
 “ I still had shar’d his bounteous board by day,
 “ Still might his roof from nightly foes protect.

“ Thou foster’d being ! but prolong’d to see
 (“ Wretch that I am, ’twere good I ne’er had
 been)

“ The cause of all his sorrows lodg’d in me,
 “ Who saw his griefs, and triumph’d in his pain.

“ Whilst in the crib a guiltless babe I lay,
 “ Or e’er I knew a mother’s pregnant groan;
 “ ’Twas this that pass’d the heavy hours away,
 “ When heaven it took a wife, it gave a son.—

“ Ingrate ! is’t thus I recompence thy cares,
 “ The many sleepless nights are counted o’er ?
 “ Shall I again the closing wound lay bare,
 “ And ’stead of soothing but inflame the fore ?”

Mute in furrnife, here with dejected look,
 That outward fpake within feverer woes ;
 Again himfelf—again the babbling brook
 Surveys¹—again his piteous plaint renews.—

“ Say where * Eliza—could I hope to find
 “ So fair—fo virtuous and fo blefs’d a maid ?
 “ Where fweeter counfel for a wretch fo blind,
 “ Than when a father me implor’d to wed ?
 “ His friendfhip baffl’d, and defpis’d thy love,
 “ My heart to dreams of fleeting joy confign’d ;
 “ Elfe where in vain, miftaken youth, I frove
 “ To find that happinefs with thee declin’d.”—

No longer riot lends her chearing crew ;
 Excefs to pinching poverty recedes ;
 No ogling harlot here expos’d to view,
 Nor festive dance, nor motley mafquerades.—

* To purfue the allegory in this ftory, the Prodigal is here
 reprefented as rejecting the precept of Chriftianity, under the
 image of a fon refufing a virtuous and amiable young lady in
 marriage.

No midnight revels here in sportive songs
 The memory of conscious guilt beguile;
 But unmolested wide her reign prolongs,
 All thought engaging silence through the vale.—

Silence! that ever waits on solitude,
 Sweet help-mate of philosophy divine;
 Transparent mirror of the wise and good,
 The scourge of folly and of vice profane.—

To thee reflection's sober sons retire,
 And from the past the future things surmise;
 Reflection's thoughtful brow, serene and clear,
 Reforms the vicious and instructs the wise.

Pensive and sad the mossy bank he treads,
 Involv'd in serious thought, or to remain,
 Or where to go, and deeply sighing sheds
 The sad memorial of his infelt pain.

His heaving bosom eas'd the trickling tear,
 That floods his cheeks, as dews on evening grass,
 In plenteous moan bewail the funny chear,
 His soul resolves what words but faint express.

“ Have

“ Have I, mad youth, my father’s home forfook,

“ Exchang’d his pastures for this barren waste ?

“ The sweetest musick for the raven’s croak ?

“ And for this hardy morsel sold a feast ?

“ How many an hireling has enough to spare,

“ Whilst I to craving hunger fall a prey :

“ I’ll to my father and my shame declare,

“ And promise faithful never more to stray.—

“ His mercy, haply, shall my youth forgive,

“ And (great the blessing) in his service bound,

“ I may again approving looks receive,

“ As with the eve my daily toil is crown’d.”—

Some pitying spirit hovering in air,

That heard, unseen, the gracious purpose made,

Swift borne on airy pinions, in the ear

Of the aged father whispers all he said.—

He heard—and mute with gladness—ran to meet

The youth returning ;—on his neck he fell ;

He kiss’d—embrac’d—with every joy they greet—

The father pleas’d to see his son so well.

And

And now his days in chearful labour spent,
 Enlivening hope his future prospect clears ;
 No more he needs the bliss of sweet content,
 And rul'd by reason, never more despairs.

The H E R M I T.

WHO views the busy world with curious eye,
 Or marks the vary'd lot its fons receive ;
 But sighs to ween the seeming partial die
 'Twixt throned monarchs and the Afric slave.—

Thus on a time the silent shades among,
 As pensive stray'd the adverse man to wail
 His fate : refrain, vain youth, thy froward tongue,
 Reply'd a lift'ning hermit from his cell.—

“ I once like thee adjudg'd my fate severe,
 “ And madly dar'd the ways of heaven arraign,
 “ Till grown unsocial, fullen and austere,
 “ This staff my guide, I quit the ways of men.
 “ Here in this wood full many a lingering hour
 “ Of life's protracted date ignobly fled ;
 “ Till on a day impell'd by black'ning show'r
 “ A peasant fought my solitary shed.

“ I

- “ I welcom’d in the humble stranger—pleas’d
 “ Once more to look on human face divine;
 “ And e’er the sun th’ embody’d clouds had chas’d
 “ I bad him on my moss-grown couch recline;
 “ Pluck’d from the fields a vegetable store,
 “ Invites the hand of diligence to share;
 “ From the pure crystal stream my vintage bore,
 With cordial berry for my guest prepare.
 “ Meantime in soeial converse we beguile
 “ The pattering rain and dark impending storm,
 “ I ask if e’er contentment’s chearful smile
 “ Presided simply in his humble form.”

When thus the hind, with modest worth reply’d:

- “ Kind heaven (good father) has on me bestow’d
 “ Some twenty acres, late and early ply’d
 “ A num’rous family to content with food.—
 “ The great, I own, with frown contemptuous, eye
 “ My little farm—and deem themselves umpire;
 “ But know the great and proud like me must die,
 “ And food and raiment’s all we need of here.”

No more he spake—in fond attention lost
 I caught the useful moral as it fell;
 And soon as abroad the rising gale had tols'd
 The sever'd clouds we bad a long farewell.

O happiest day! that memory can boast;
 Contented swain I wou'd thou now we'rt nigh!
 The happiest of my kind---the luckiest host
 Midst nature's wide domain were surely I.—

Since then, dear youth, I've ever ease enjoy'd;
 Nor yet in indolence supine repose;
 Midst nature's works in nature's cause employ'd,
 These sheets the ways of God to man disclose.—

Here live with me---and if they ought contain
 That may instruct, and better guide thy age;
 Or fold in mutual bliss those arms with mine,
 And bless before we part th' instructive page.---

Therein the ways of Providence display'd,
 Its gracious promises to fallen man;
 What joys the good---what pains the guilty wait,
 Unfolding fair creation's ample plan.---

One page explains the creatures early care,
 Wherein consists true bliss and lasting peace;
 The wretch another rescues from despair,
 Restores to hope, to comfort and to ease.

Here shown the wiser reason, why bestow'd
 On these abundance, indigence on those;
 How Providence to all alike is good,
 Who stretch'd on crimson or on straw repose.

This taught the ways of indolence to shun,
 Or where implanted in the human mind
 A thirst for fame, with legal strife to run
 "And leave the gazing multitude" behind.

Here paus'd the youth--and smiling as he said,
 (Return'd the volume to the Hermit's hand)
 "I thank thee father"—Fame and Honour plead—
 Impell'd by these, I seek some happier land—

Resolv'd—the Hermit cries, undaunted go,
 But mark that prudence lead the dangerous way:
 O shield him, bounteous heaven, from every woe!
 Farewell my son, immortal be the day.

ODE to CHARITY.

THE lovely *Agape* appears,
 Her parent heaven resign'd;
 Full pleas'd she comes to wipe all tears,
 From wretched poor mankind.

 Her eyes bespeak the welcome news,
 Whence oft compassion flows;
 The pearly tear her cheek bedews;
 So looks the morning rose.—

 Graceful she moves, yet more than flow,
 Where urgent pity is,
 Where clam'rous want, or silent woe
 Invoke the present bliss.

 Her left hand bears the healing balm
 From Gilead's Holy Land;
 And in her right, divinely calm,
 Supports a chosen wand.—

Around her smiling with delight,
 Three beauteous orphans play;
 With each its salutary freight
 Obedient lead the way.

Go forth ye widow'd matrons, hail!
 The patroness of woe;
 Ye fatherless proclaim the tale,
 And let the prisoner know.

Go—cull from yonder flowery mead,
 Each choice spontaneous sweet;
 Let these express what joys pervade,
 And strew them at her feet.

The wattle'd cot first claims her care,
 Where claimant children round
 Their widow'd mother beg the fare,
 So unexpected found.

The couch with sickness sorely press'd,
 The feeble infants stay;
 Where weeps the wretched wife distressed,
 She next directs her way.

A third reduc'd by woeful fate,
 To want the bread he gave ;
 His generous soul, sublimely great,
 Nor knows to dig or crave.

His wants conceal'd, unfelt his pain,
 Dire indigence suppress ;
 He secret hopes, nor hopes in vain,
 To see his griefs redress'd.

The welcome dame at length arrives,
 And opening wide her store ;
 With bounteous hand again retrieves
 The all He gave before.

She left the dungeon dark surveys,
 Where clinks the galling chain ;
 Where youth trepann'd by fatal ease,
 And gloomy horrors reign.—

Her speech becalms his troubled breast,
 His fears, abandon'd, fly ;
 And better far, the deed confess'd,
 Prepares the wretch to die.

Ye poor and sick—ye blind and lame,

Improve the passing nod ;

And give to Charity the name

Of wise and gracious God.

JUVENILE INQUIETUDE.

THESE walls within, by chearing fire,
 With blazing lamp and gilded tome;
 Say, why (my soul) this strong desire
 To quit this still and peaceful home?

These walls from senseless folly free,
 Where no inclement storms molest;
 With health, a competence, and thee
 Fair science, why, my soul, no rest?

Full many a poor, unletter'd son,
 His state but once compar'd with thine;
 For thine exchang'd would gladly own,
 Thou hadst no reason to repine.

But ah! the fatal cause is here,
 Lock'd in some absent bosom lies
 The treasure I esteem so dear,
 As I pursue that swiftly flies.

To Delia's arms my soul repairs,

Meanwhile the painful page I read ;

And there in rapture sweet declares,

How much I prize the lovely maid.

Thus wrapp'd in visionary scene,

The present task eludes my care ;

A fond suspense of thought and pain,

Sweet interim of love and prayer.—

Short transitory gleam of joy,

Delusive, vain, ideal bliss ;

The trance is o'er—my Delia coy,

And stern withholds th' assenting kiss.—

Sweet bird of sympathy, whose note,

With pity swells in some lone grove ;

Or perch'd beside my Delia's grot,

Incline her heart to gentle love,

Go haunt the woods at silent hour,

Frequent the path where Delia strays ;

Go, there exert thy tuneful power,

In ceaseless song procure me ease.—

If haply from thy plaintive strain
 The listening fair one, eke, may learn
 To sigh reluctant of my pain,
 And yield my love a kind return.

A MARRIAGE ODE,

From Psalms the 128th, 144th, &c.

HAIL spotless Muse, enthron'd on high,
 Hail! gracious Sovereign of the sky,
 Jehovah, God and Lord supreme!
 Approve my lays—applaud my theme:

Let modesty and chaste desire
 String this day the sounding lyre;
 The fair with continency shine,
 To virtue fear submissive join;
 The long sought diadem be found,
 And with a virtuous woman crown'd:
 The bloom of youth shall ne'er decay,
 (So bless'd are those who God obey).
 But with the furrow'd brow renew
 Sincere love—affection true;
 Gleam with more beauty than in youth,
 With friendship, undissembled truth;

L

And

And feel the happiness of power
 Attended once the nuptial hour.
 From that eternal source of sense,
 Thy labour reap its recompence ;
 The toiling of thy hands shall eat,
 And hope shall make thy labour sweet.
 Unutter'd joy ! O well is thee,
 And happy shalt thou ever be.
 And as the clustering grapes that line
 Thy walls, o'er shadow'd with the vine ;
 And as the fruitful vine shall bear,
 So shall thy wife that blessing share :
 See lisping babes thy joys prolong,
 And cheer thy labours with their song.
 As olives on a teeming land
 With spreading branches, so shall stand,
 And round about thy table smile,
 Untutor'd children to beguile.
 Thy sons as tender plants shall grow,
 And as the polish'd columns, so,
 Of the well wrought temple neat,
 Shall thy daughters be complet.

(Lo!

(Lo ! thus for ever is ador'd
 The man who trusteth in the Lord)
 Thy vallies stand so thick with corn
 Shall laugh and sing to fill thy barn ;
 Barns and garners ever stor'd
 With every grain thy fields afford ;
 Thy sheep shall fleeces give to wear,
 And thousands and ten thousands bear ;
 Thy oxen strong to labour be,
 And fortify against decay :—
 No leading into captive pain,
 And in thy streets shall none complain.
 Never shall thy food be scanty,
 Ever in the midst of plenty.
 (So blest'd are those who serve the word
 Of God—have for their God the Lord)
 The Lord from Sion shall thee bless,
 And shield from famine and distress.
 Thou all thy life shall ever see
 Jerus'lem in prosperity :
 See childrens children in thy days,
 And upon Israel reigning peace.

Then praise the Lord, him magnify,
 Unto his name laud ever be,
 Ascribe all glory and impute
 Whatever is—*His* attribute :
 Unbounded wisdom, love and power
 Are his, and shall be evermore.

T R A N S L A T I O N

O F

STABAT MATER DOLOROSA
JUXTA CRUCEM, &c.

From the Antient Music.

N EAR the Cross the Mother grieving,
Whereon nail'd the injur'd son;
In a flood of tears raving,
Saw with anguish what was done.

Whose heart with piteous sorrow groaning,
Pierc'd the unrelenting sword,
With dejected spirit moaning:
Hard the wretch him not deplor'd.

Oh ! how mournful and afflicted
The blessed Virgin Mary stood ;
The Mother weeping and dejected,
Of the begotten Son of God.

What melancholy undissembing !
O what unaffecting groan !
When she saw with sorrow trembling !
The sufferings of a glorious son !—

What

What man from weeping could refrain ?

What breast wou'd no compassion feel ?

If Christ's heart aching mother seen

In earnest supplication kneel ?

If for a sinful nation dying,

Jews maliciously on urge,

In bitter tortures Christ complying,

Meek and humble with the scourge ?

Pensive and sad she saw with anguish,

In the agonies of death,

Her forsaken son to languish,

And resign his mortal breath,—

Alas! O Mother, perfect spring,

And source of love, O grant to me !

That I the all pathetic string

Of grief may know, to mourn with thee.—

O be my heart with ardour caus'd

With equal love of Christ to blaze ;

Of Father and Son and Holy Ghost,

And I, like thee, sweet Jesu please,

*Written during a dreadful Storm of Thunder
and Lightning.*

HE comes! the Great Jehovah comes!

Hark! how on high his thunders roll!

What clarion's sound, or din of drums

Extends like that from pole to pole?

How strong the lightning's vivid flash!

How fleet its piercing power departs!

Now turrets fall—now cedars crash,

And wring a sigh from evil hearts.

Impetuous torrents now descend,

And stay the rapid lightning's course;

But cloud's condens'd above impend,

And darkness hides the genuine source.

Grand, awful scene! of glorious cause,

Almighty voice! Eternal power!

Can mortals hear, and not suppose

The truth of the last general hour!

Like the poor Indian, thus from sense
 Confin'd, a God reigns in the sky;
 With trembling hope I'll learn from hence
 A better way to live and die.

F I N I S.

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